

2Pac Lyrics

"All Out"

(feat. Outlawz)

[Kastro (Napoleon):]

We goin' all out, we goin' all out

We goin' all out

Watch your motherfuckin' mouth, niggas!

(That's right, fuck these fag niggas!)

Do it, do it, do it!

[2Pac:]

Come hell or high water, down to slaughter opposers

Just another lost soul, stuck, callin' Jehovah

Outlaw 'til it's over, brandish my strap, back like a cobra

I stay drunk, 'cause I'm a mad man whenever sober

On a one-man mission, my ambition's to hold up

The rap game, while I pluck holes in niggas, like donuts

And still down to die for all my soldiers, like hillbillies

They don't fear me, so we feud, bringin' war to the city

With each breath, death before dishonor

Never let you swallow me, no apologies, your honor

A general in war, I'm the first to bomb

With a squad of trusted killers

Quick to move shit heavily armed

I'm similar to Saddam, sometimes I question who's sane

Like fiends frantic for that last vein, stuck in the game

I hit the scene like sandstorms, then transform, watch me

I take the figure of 30 niggas who all got me

While bitches wonderin' who shot me

No love, keep a grudge, shootin' slugs like Muammar Gaddafi

Murder my friends, build a new posse

We takin' shots at paparazzi, go and fly now, nigga, like Rocky

You got a lot of nerve to play me

Another gay rapper, bustin' caps at Jay Z

(Buck buck buck buck buck!) And still avoid capture

While y'all caught up in the rapture, still after me

I'm in Jamaica, sippin' daiquiris, no doubt

We used to havin' nothin'

Then grabbin' somethin' and bustin'

Wanted to be the thug nigga that my old man wasn't

I can't tour, fear of catchin' cases, litigation

Niggas playa-hatin', got me crooked in all fifty states

I'm screamin', "Death Row!"

Throw my Westside, ain't no thang

We was raised off drive-bys, brought up to bang

We claim mob, M.O.B., if you be specific

We control all cash from Atlantic-Pacific

And get this: I'm hard to kill when I peel with this live spot

Father, how the hell did I survive these five shots?

Live it up or give it up, and like demons

Late night, hear them screamin', "We goin' all out!"

[E.D.I.:]

We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out
Take them the war route, without a doubt
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

[Napoleon:]

I'm on my last leg, walkin' through the belly of the beast
Feelin' like I'm all out, drunk as can be
It's plain to see, that we mob niggas hidin' in bushes
Claimin' that they ride rough, but they softer than cushion
They softer than bitches in the worst way, drownin' in blood
Outlawz, my blood brothers, I'd die for these thugs
Say hi to this slug, it's a shame how some niggas on the West Coast was ridin' with 'Pac, but when he died, they
went pop
I'm out in Jers, to the fullest, like some West Coast love
But after 'Pac stopped rappin', it ain't no West Coast thug
Just West Coast slut
To my real niggas stuck in the street game, 'cause rappers like Jay Z be pumpin' Kool-Aid through they veins
Is it true what I'm sayin'? Slap your soft ass to the floor
And watch my fo'-fo' put peek holes through your door
I ride or die, but these other fag niggas be bitin' this
It's all from my heart when I was writin' this; all out!

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[Kastro:]

Now, we all ride, and down to die; who with us?
Speak up, or get treated like you comin' to kill us
They ain't nothin' but squealers
In this rap game, swearin' they rough
Tattooed up, and now them niggas swearin' they 'Pac
Stop that, and watch your back, we ain't forgot 'bout ya
These Glocks hot, and when shot, it'll bring the bitch up out ya
It's me, Kastro with the goattee
Walkin' like a OG, 'cause all these fag motherfuckers owe me
I pray to thug lords, like them motherfuckers holy
Frontline soldier, 'til the Heavens call me
I go all out, and if you real, you real
Feel what I'm talkin' 'bout, 'cause this game is ill
I live it, forbidden fruit, shoot, 'til they feel it
Livin' proof, Pac breed niggas they can't deal with
Holla back, right back, and watch your mouth
Or get blood in it, what; we goin' all out, nigga!

[E.D.I.:]

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[E.D.I.:]

Fool, you better go all out
Keep goin' all out
All my niggas goin' all out
Without a muthafuckin' doubt
Aye, you niggas just gon' think you gon' be uh
Talkin' slick on all of these motherfuckin' records
And we ain't gon' say shit
Now it's 1999, it's a different grind
Don't disrespect the Don
It's still war, motherfuckers
So let's see you act like you know

Writer(s): Amaru Shakur, Craig Venegas